Hope.

I lay in grief,
And Hope drew near to where I tossed alone without relief,
And paused a moment when she heard that moan;
Then raised her glowing eyes and met mine own.
Never a word she said,
But still I gazed and still was comforted.

When bending low with wond'rous grace,
She laid her hand upon my eyes,
Her cool hand on my burning face,
And at her touch bright visions rise,
Fresh woods and streams and unimagined skies.

In softest tone
She sang the song that has no close,
That deathless song which no one knows
Save she alone;
The song that leaves no memory,
The song of endless victory
And future love;
And as I listened to the voice above
I felt as one returning from the dead;
Slowly I rose and raised my drooping head.

—*All the Year Round.*

Couplets from Poor Richard.

Bad commentators spoil the best of books,
So God sends meat, they say, the devil cooks.

Laws like the cobwebs, catch small flies,
Great ones break through before your eyes.

Good counsel failing men may give, for why?
He that's aground knows where the shoal doth lie.

If you would have guest merry with cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.

A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day is a groat a year.

Fine linen, girls, and gold so bright
Choose not to take by candlelight.

I never saw an oft-transplanted tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

To-morrow I'll reform, the fool doth say;
To-day itself's too-late—the wise did yesterday.

MY COUSIN'S PLOT.

'You are a big goose; there now!'

And my little cousin Jessie's face glowed with an unwonted expression of anger. I say unwonted, because she was generally one of the best natured little creatures in the world.

'My dear cousin,' said I as blandly as possible, and assuming, as I spoke, a highly philosophical air—'my dear cousin, it is a pity you were not born orty or fifty years earlier.'

'And why so, pray?'

'Because then you might have had children of your own, to tyrannize over, and I should have been spared your more than grandmotherly advice and espionage. I fancy that I have arrived at an age when I no longer require the parental, maternal nor cousinal rule to keep me from going astray, and I see no reason, or rather no excuse, for the interposition of your wisdom—mighty as it undoubtedly is—in my private affairs.'

'I don't care whether it is any of my business or not—if, you marry that girl, I'll never speak to you again.'

'Won't you? I'm sorry to hear it. Miss Idelia Vaughn is a young lady of great respectability. Her family is unexceptionable; her education is complete—a great deal better than yours, my dear—and she hts some wealth. These are wordly considrrations, but they should be satisfactory to my friends. For the rest, she has an affectionate disposition—'

'An affectionate humbug!'

'A sympathetic heart—'

'Yes, she carries her tears in her pocket handkerchief, and empties them when required.'

'She has a beautiful countenance——'

'What an imagination you are gifted with!'

'A fine figure——'

'Oh, oh, that is going a little too far! She is veritably a bone—nothing but a bone; and I must say, a very ill-shaped bone at that.'

'Miss Jessie, I protest against any such abuse of a person whom I esteem I have told you that I have offered myself to her, and that I cherish a greater regard for her than for any other young lady I ever saw. These facts should insure her a due degree of respect from my friends and relatives.

'Due degree of nonsense! I tell you, cousin, you are a ninny, and that girl—no that spinster—is no more fit to be your wife than she is to talk common sense.'

'I have used my own judgment in proposing marriage to her, and shall continue to do so.'

'You never shall marry her while I live!'

'You cant help it.'

'You shall see!'

And my little cousin Jessie shook her flounces and ribbons like a small but well feathered bird, and sailed out of the room in a tempest of silk and crinoline.

I must, of course, tell my readers what Miss Idelia Vaughn was like, after introducing her as my intended bride. To do so fairly, I shall give both sides of the picture—my own and that of my Cousin Jessie.

My idea of Miss Vaughn was, that she was a tall, elegant young lady, with a severely classical face, rich auburn ringlets, a graceful and dignified carriage, and an expression of poetry and refinement on her features.

My Cousin Jessie said that she was a bean-poley, inelegant old maid, with a severely homely face, thin, molasses-colored stringlets, a mincing and affected carriage, and an expression of Laura-Matilda sentimentality on her features.

The reader will see that we differed.

I became infatuated with Miss Vaughn from reading three poems she published in a country paper; one of which commencing:

"My sad soul sits in sable sheen,
The Orphic fire consumes my heart!"

betrayed such a depth of feeling and sorrow, that I fell in love with the unknown writer, and my desire to know, sympathize with, and console her, procured an interview, through the good nature of the country editor, and I made such fine Byronic speeches to her, that she returned my affection, almost as Jersey jockeys swap horses—'onsight, onseen.'

My little Cousin Jessie and I were confidants. We told each other everything. If I went to supper and brought away too much champagne under my waistcoat, I freely confessed it to Jessie. If she had shown too much preference to some smooth-tongued stranger and made her old friends jealous, she told me of it. If I fell in love—which I did in those days about once a week—Jessie was the recipient of my rhapsodies, and if one of the young men of the neighborhood succeeded in getting his courage up to the point of proposing to Jessie—not a very rare occurrence—I was the first, and generally the only person, who knew of the poor fellow's overthrow.

Heretofore we had agreed charmingly, but now we were at open issue, and Idelia Vaughn was the rock upon which we split. Of course, when I told that young lady (twenty-six is not too old for a young lady—is it girls?) that I was her slave and would wish no higher mission than to devote my being to the fulfillment of her highest desire, I told Jessie of it the next day, whereupon she gave me a little bit of her mind, with which I have opened my story.

As my cousin flounced out of the room, there came a ring at the front door, and Gray Endicott came in.

Grey and I were old friends—we had been boys together—and I had every reason to believe that he had a very tender affection for Jessie. He used to see her every year or two—not oftener—and be singularly attentive to her sister when he visited Milestone Centre, where she lived, or when she went to see her friends in the city, where he had, figuratively, pitched his tent. The visit over, they would separate and both be much given to sighing and meditating for a week or two.

Grey would spree it pretty stoutly after such visits, and my poor little cousin would flirt with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause than sheer desperation.

Her affection for Grey Endicott was the one sole thing she never confessed to me. I strongly suspected that Grey himself received that part of her confidence.

Just now he happened to be on a summer sojourn to Milestone Centre, and he and Jessie were going it very strong. The first words he said on entering were:

'How d'ye do, my old boy. Where's Miss Jessie?'

'Just gone out. I'll call her.'

I found her in an adjoining room before the glass. She had heard Grey's voice, or knew his ring, and quite naturally discovered that her collar was awry, or her hair was coming down. It was one of Jessie's peculiarities that her hair was always coming down.

When we entered the sitting room again Grey took Jessie's hand as a pious Hindoo might take hold of his pet idol.

This interesting religious ceremony over, he stated the object of his visit to be the arrangement of a party to go to the Tidemill House—a favorite watering place about twenty miles off, where parties frequently went for a jaunt. A gentleman and his wife—friends of Grey Endicott—were going, and wanted some young folks to accompany them to make it pleasant. With this idea they had commissioned Grey to make up a little coterie.

'If Miss Jessie will accompany us, and if you can get some agreable young lady to accompany you,' said Grey to me, 'I think we may have a very pleasant time.'

Charming! Miss Idelia and I must go, of course, I thought. I pictured to myself the delight we should have in wandering by the shore picking up shells, and 'enjoying the fresh,' as the French say, or sitting upon the front piazza of the Tide-mill House in the moonlight. We must go and Idelia should write a poem on the sojourn.

My cousin Jessie interrupted my meditations with what seemed to me like a very malicious and uncalled for remark:

'If you take that Vaughn thing, I won't go.'

Grey looked imploringly at me, but I was determined and merely retorted; 'Then my dear child you will not go.'

By some means unknown to me, Grey succeeded in persuading her to change her resolution and to accompany us, even if 'that Vaughn thing' was of the party. He was a very persuasive fellow—was Grey Endicott—especially with some folks.

The morrow was fixed upon for our trip, which was to last two or three days. We got together a large assortment of fishing tackle, baskets, etc., and Grey laid in an army supply of cigars.

'For,' said he, 'take my advice and never smoke a watering-place cigar—it will be something to haunt your death bed if you do.'

The stages bore us to South Milestone—two miles from the Centre—and a small sort of a single-barreled steamer bore us the rest of the way. Miss Idelia Vaughn and myself occupied one stage, while Grey and Jessie made themselves miserably happy, with Grey's married friends, in the other.

When we arrived at South Milestone, and assembled on the pier, Grey confronted us, and much to my astonishment handed my cousin over to me, and walked Miss Idelia on board the boat himself. As I followed with Jessie, I heard him say:

I don't know as you are acquainted with my friend's lady—shall I introduce you?'

The fair Idelia responded that she would be delighted, and as we gained the upper deck of the boat, Grey presented Jessie—my own cousin—as my wife!

Miss Vaughn was thunderstruck. A gloomy cloud gathered upon her brow, and double action lightning flashed from her eyes, which she rolled so far up that it seemed impossible they should ever attain a natural position again.

Without a word she bowed low, and before I could get my mouth open, to deny that my cousin was my wife, Grey led her away toward the bow of the boat, leaving Jessie and I where we were. A moment after, Miss Idelia went below to the ladies' cabin, and Grey told us that she complained of feeling ill. She did not make her appearance again during the trip.

Grey apologized for the mistake he had made in introducing Jessie, and said he would try to remedy it. His friends—the lady and gentleman who had originally proposed the sojourn—now joined us, and Jessie introduced them to me as her husband.

I hastened to deny the relation, but Grey and Jessie laughed off my denial in a most extraordinarily cool manner, so that I actually began to wonder if I hadn't, in a fit of abstraction, at some period, been married to my own cousin.

'I shall know to-night, thought I, at the Tidemill House; for if Jessie and I have but one room allotted to us, I shall probably be aware of the fact!'

Arrived at the watering-place, Grey offered to attend to all the business of getting apartments, seeing the baggage disposed of, and taking care of Miss Vaughn, who, overcome by her emotions and the ground swell, had been most unpoetically sea-sick all the way.

I mean to say that Ninon de l'Enclos, Catherine of Russia—yea, Sappho, or Aspasia herself—would be unpoetical and unattractive, if sitting sea-sick, with a basin before her.

I had to take care of Jessie still, and did so with as good a grace as possible, although I felt really vexed with her. She evidently had fixed upon this plan from preventing me from marrying Miss Vaughn. In vain I scolded savagely at Grey and his accomplice Jessie—in vain I denied, before Grey's friends, that I was married—they only laughed, and I found no way of disproving the assertion they had made.

At length I grew quite desperate. Miss Idelia Vaughn had retired to her room immediately on reaching the hotel, and I feared she would incarcerate herself there for the rest of our stay. I was determined to put an end to the idea that Jessie and I were husband and wife, so I accosted her on the piazza, before a number of people, with

'Well, wifey, let's go up to our room and dress for dinner.'

Instead of blushing and exposing the deception, as I had fancied she might, the little witch said she was just about to propose the same thing, and seized hold of my arm in the real young-wife-style.

We went to the office, and the clerk, on inspecting the register, found that we were put down as a married couple, but handed out two keys. This was not extraordinary however, for Grey Endicott's friends had two rooms also, and the ruse was not yet exposed. We sought our rooms, I gave Jessie her key with a savage growl at her, and opening my door entered.

At that instant there appeared, at another door, nearly opposite mine, the form of my beloved Idelia, in rather a shocking state of undress, which did not heighten the beauty of her personal grace in the least. As she looked out she saw me enter my apartment, and in walked Jessie immediately after me.

'Oh, husband,' she cried, in a loud tone of voice, and would have continued her sentence, but the sudden slapping to of the opposite door rendered it unnecessary, and she only finished with laughter.

Grey, the rascal, had secured these two rooms because they had a door communicating between them, and Jessie could be seen going into and coming out of mine, often enough to convey the natural impression that we occupied the two in common.

That evening, as I was meditating what steps to take to disabuse the charming Idelia's mind, I saw Edincott pass by with her on his arm, going out to take a stroll on the beach.

Jessie had already gone out with the other couple, and I was left alone in my glory, while the conspirators could plot, and Grey could strengthen Idelia's already strong conviction that I had either been on the eve of committing bigamy, or had tampered outrageously with her budding affections.

Thoroughly disgusted and quite misanthropical in spirit, I set out for a lonely walk, and soon found myself wandering distractedly along the shore. As I passed a sharp promontory of rock, I saw, in a little recess near the top, Grey and Jessie sitting in earnest conversation. They had met on the top of the cliff, and Grey separating from Idelia, had used his persuasive powers again with such effect, that Jessie had accompanied him to this romantic seat, and Idelia Vaughn had gone down to the beach below with Endicott's friend.

A few rods further on I found these last, sitting on the sand. As I came up I heard the gentleman say:

'Poor fellow, he is much to be pitied if he is to blame. It is clear that his wife thinks much more of Grey than of him, and I suppose he thinks to win her back by making her jealous of other ladies.'

'He is a base deceiver,' said Miss Vaughn, in a shrill tone. 'He made me the deepest protestations of love. I flirted with him a little, for I never cared anything for only one man, and alas, the sod has waved green over his sepulchre for many a year!'

This was said in a tone which I should ten hours before, have considered sweet and sympathetic. Now, however, I began to feel a little piqued at her ready belief of the deception, and her easy denial of me. Therefore, I found her voice affected, and was disposed to take serious exceptions to the idea of a sod waving over a sepulchre or indeed waving at all!

Still, I was in the hope that Idelia would leave the party and stroll off alone, thus giving me an opportunity to talk to her. Accordingly I waited at a short distance, without revealing my proximity, and heard the conversation continued still at my expense.

I noticed that the wife of Endicott's friend seemed much affected by Idelia's remarks, and had frequent recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, in which she hid her face, but whether to conceal tears or smiles I cannot judge, until I saw her turn her face away from idelia toward me, and the clear moonlight revealed and unmistakably mirthful expression, convincing me that Jessie and Grey had contrived to make her and her husband also accesory to the plot.

Directly, Miss Vaughn exhibited a ring to the others—a handsome diamond, with rubies, which is an heirloom in my family, and was given me by my father. This jewel I had permitted Idelia to wear, as she admired it, but I would as soon have thought of selling my birthright as of giving that ring away permanently to any man, woman, or child, except my eldest son—when I have one.

Judge, therefore, of my sentiments, when I saw Miss Idelia hold up her finger, and heard her say:

'He gave me this ring as a pledge of his love, and bade me wear it for his sake. It will be but a just punishment for him if I keep it. I certainly shall. It shall never leave my finger again!'

'The d—l it won't!' thought I, and as I perceived the smile of satisfaction with which she regarded the glitter of the diamond in the moonshine, I felt my love for her oozing out, like Bob Acre's courage, at a fearfully rapid rate.

The opportunity did not come for me to explain matters to her, and, in truth, I began to be rather glad I didn't. I retired that night without having spoken to her, and she did not haunt my visions.

The next day the plot thickened. Jessie received several letters from Millstone Centre, directed to her as my wife, and to my care. Endicott and his friends scrupulously called her by my name, and, worse than all, Idelia began to take a romantic fancy to her. She condoled with her on having such a faithless husband, and poured all her own poetic griefs into the little humbug's bosom—a flood of second-hand Werterian sorrows, which moved Jessie to tears—of laughter.

Thus matters stood until the fourth day, when we were to retnrn. In the morning I got an opportunity to speak to Idelia about it, and we had a jolly time of it.

She would not listen to any explanation whatever, but abused me like a pickpocket. I have been scolded by a number of young ladies. In fact, I rather like it generally, and as for my cousin Jessie, it was as good as a supper to hear her vituperation. But Miss Vaughn was too much for me. She whined and growled alternately. She called me high-falutin names. She turned blue, and yellow, and other unpleasant colors. She squealed, and hissed, and made herself an object of wonderment, but hardly of admiration, to quiet a croud, that collected about us—for it was in an empty parlor that she first pitched into me. Virago was written in every line of her countenance, and rang in every modulation of her voice.

When she had finished she strode out of the room, leaving me in a condition of severe mental prostration.

My previous affection for her, however, had entirely evaporated, and I recognized the truthfulness of her cousin Jessie's description of her.

On the boat, returning, that afternoon, Miss Vaughn avoided me studiously, as, in fact, I did her. Jessie and Grey were together on the deck during the whole passage, and I amused myself by smoking cigars, forward, from the time of leaving the Tide-mill House pier to the time of landing at Milestone.

I never saw Miss Idelia Vaughn again. I never wanted to. I would have liked to have got my ring back, but I fear my eldest male heir will not wear the jewel of his ancestors.

I should be very much pleased to wind this story up with a wedding, but I cannot. There was nobody married in our party except Endicott's friends, and they had been married for three or four years.

Grey returned to the city the following week and went on a series of short sprees. My cousin stayed at home flirted desperately with the village beaux at evening parties, and singing melodramatically in the day time. They both feared, as I suppose they still do, that they never should marry anybody, yet Grey's poverty and want of business talent prevented him from forming any engagement which might keep better—or rather richer—suitors from stepping in.

I, however, am more hopeful, and devoutly believe that one day I shall write another story about Grey and Jessie, and end it with orange flowers and white kids.

John Randolph.

All who have read the life of this great man will remember the great importance he attached to correct pronunciation. His biographer, Mr. Garland, records the fact of his correcting Dr. Parish twice in his manner of pronouncing words, while the doctor was reading him a short article the day before his death; and that when the doctor hesitated about adopting Mr. Randolph's mode of pronunciation, the dying man exclaimed, in his usual impatient and absolute manner: —"Pass on, sir—pass on; there can be no doubt of it!" This had seemed to me to be slightly colored by the biographer; but the accompanying incident convinced me that it was but "the ruling passion strong in death." When Tazewell was at the zenith of his fame on one occasion he made a speech at the bar, far surpassing even himself in eloquence. On finishing, Randolph approached him, and complained bitterly, with an oath, that it was fated that nothing human should be perfect. Tazewell, who was receiving impassioned congratulations from his friends, asked Randolph what he meant. His questioner, with all his usual acerbity, indignantly demanded, "Why did you not say 'hor-*i*-zon,' instead of '*hor*-izon?' Were it not for that barbarism, there would have been one perfect production."—*Life Illustrated.*

College Rowdies

The various college papers indicate that a general desire to make a noise possesses the students at Yale, an order against singing at night is almost nightly disobeyed by the boisterous and discordant serenading parties. At Oberlin, the lecture rooms are often like bedlam, for the boys "yell, whoop, throw cat calls whistle, hurl apple cores and otherwise carry on so that when the lecturer arrives he is half stunned." At the California State University, a hubbub on commencement day was followed by expulsion of several offenders, whereupon the entire sophomore class signed the following address to the faculty: "We most respectfully object to the punishment of individuals for connection with this matter, and we petition you to permit us all to share the responsibility and punishment." The President of Marietta College told the students that they were noisier than the street Arabs of New York. At McGill University, "if a professor makes the mildest of jokes he is greeted with the wildest applause that stamping feet and banging books can produce." At Princeton, the disorder of the seniors in the professors' rooms is spoken of as disgraceful. At Dartmouth, "Pinafore" songs are vociferously sung at inopportune times and places.

An Afghan Beauty.—The correspondent of a London paper describes an Afghan beauty as having the blue-black hair plastered stiff with gums, and either worn in various forms on the head or plaited in long braids down the back. The margins of the ears are pierced and decorated with rows of small silver rings, while large rings hang from the lobes. The neck and breast are tattooed with little figures, of stars and flowers, and the sparkle of the lustrous black eyes is enhanced by coating the lids with black antimony. The cheeks are rouged and dotted with little round moles of gold and silver tinsel fastened on with gum. A loose muslin or silk jacket of yellow, blue, or red hangs below the waist, and wide trousers of silk or other colored materials complete the indoor costume. On going out, the lady wears leggings of cotton cloth, gartered at the knee, shoes of red or yellow leather, and a *boorkaposh* or cloak. Some ladies wear horsehair veils, and others fasten vinaigrettes to their foreheads which contain ottar of roses or other scents.

Queen Victoria is said to object seriously to the fashion of wearing the hair in fringe across the forehead. It is stated further that she instructed the bridesmaids, who appeared at the recent wedding of her son, that they would not be permitted to wear their locks in this fashion, nor to don high-heeled boots, nor to wear tied-back gowns. Last year, it is reported one young lady, who came to a drawing-room with her hair over her eyes, was informed by the lord chamberlain that until her hair had grown she need not attend any court at the palace.

The Brother's Tribute.

At the funeral of the late Hon. Eben C. Ingersoll the only ceremony was the funeral oration read in broken tones by his brother Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It is singularly beautiful and pathetic:

My friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roll above a sunken ship; for whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all; and every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful and was with color, form and music touched to tears.

He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts; he was a worshipper of liberty and friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For justice all places a temple and all seasons summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities; we strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true to all the countless dead. And now to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

The Popular Princess.

In a London letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Olive Logan gives this description of the future queen of England: How amazingly popular the Princess of Wales is! Yesterday I was at a fancy bazar held by some ladies for the benefit of a home for paralyzed children, and about 4 o'clock the sweet Princess came in. For fashionability, for nobleness, for chic, for every thing that women most admire in women, there is really no describing her; she must be seen to be appreciated. Her dress is always the last expression of Parisian elegance, and invariably her toilet is as finished as an epigram, down to its smallest detail From her dainty, high-heeled boots up to the tightly-drawn veil over her face, she is the most consummately apparelled lady, in the French style, who graces this metropolis. Judging her merely as a woman, with no aid from her high rank to bewilder a man's imagination, I think there are many girls here in society who, with their limpid eyes, glowing complexions, soft, tumbled hair, and general loveliness, would win the race for a heart sooner than she. But that matter is not to be thought of, of course. She is a Princess, future Queen and Empress, and wonderfully well she is adapted to her station. Will you believe that yesterday, in the midst of the universal salaam which greeted her entrance, from a varied collection of greatnesses, she walked straight across the room to a little paralyzed child who was propped up in a perambulator and began to play with it! The all unconscious midget chatted back babble and gave her a flower it held in its shadowy fingers. It was a touching little picture, and one which was worthy the pencil of an artist. When she left the bazar and drove away through the streets cheer upon cheer greeted Alexandra as the various passers recognized the soft, sad face. Hurrahs for royalty mean something more here than they did in Imperial days in France, when the choristers of the Grand Opera were detailed during the day to stand on street corners and shout "Vive l' Empereur?" An Englishman will bear a wrong in silence, deeming submission a duty to God and law, but you cannot make him shout if he does not want to.

The Latest.

The last scientific story is told thus: The *Saturday Review* once declared that the greatest benefactor of the human race would be he who could enable man to drink an unlimited quantity of wine without getting drunk. Such a man has been found. Dr. Bell invented the telephone, but its wonders pale before the telegastograph. This is an electrical machine by which the palate can be tickled, and pleased by any flavor, and for any length of time, without any fear of indigestion or inebriety. By putting soup or fish or wine into a receptac'e connected with a powerful battery, the taste of the daintiest viands can be conveyed along a telegraph wire for miles, and to any unlimited number of *bon vivants*. They have only to put the wire into their mouths, and they seem to be eating and drinking. They may get drunk or overfed, but the moment the contact is broken the evil effects pass off, and nothing remains but a "delightful exhilaration." The inventor, however, keeps the *modus operandi* a perfect secret, and wishes to perfect his discovery before he discloses it to the world.

THE FARM.

Early Harvesting.

From the Western Farm Journal.

June is here and the wheat harvest will be over in the more southerly localities where this crop is grown, before the month is out. The month which follows will see the wheat ready to cut nearly the country over. So it is not too soon now to consider questions which bear upon this all important one, viz, the condition of your team and manual help, and especially the question of early or late cutting. The quality of the wheat and the bread depends more upon this than is usually supposed. It is convenient to allow the straw to get very ripe, because then the grain can be soon transferred from the shock to the stack, but in delaying, that this maturing of the straw may take place, the berry becomes unduly ripened, and looses some of its very best qualities.

A good many years ago, while the grain cradle was yet in common use, a farmer fitted up his new cradle a little before the usual time, and wishing to put it to the test, went into his wheat field and cut a few bundles, taking the chances as he thought, of ruining whatever he cut at this early date. The harvest was then delayed a few days, the field being put in shock after the grain was quite thoroughly ripened. A sample of the early cut grain, in company with a sample of that cut when fully ripened was shown to an experienced grain dealer, his opinion being asked as to the comparative value of the samples in the market. The answer was promptly given that the early cut would bring ten cents a bushel more than the other. Gluten was present in abundance in the early cut, and but little bran, while the opposite was true of the late cut. The weight of the berry and that quality which gives substance and due adhesiveness to the flour, when worked into dough, depends, as does also the nutriment in the bread, upon the amount of nutriment in the berry. The amount of bran is augmented in proportion as you delay the harvest, and in like ratio are the bread making qualities lost.

The harvest should be entered upon while a portion of the straw, that toward the top, is yet partially green, and the berry, though out of the milk state, is not yet so far hardened, as that it cannot be mashed between the fingers It should be just out of the milk state. When cut in this condition the berry will be lighter colored, heavier, and in every direction, as stated, of better quality.

These facts apply with almost equal force to the oat crop, with the added argument in favor of early cutting that the staw of the oat is often utilized as food, and its value and availability can be measured by the time it was cut. If early and carefully cured it approaches hay in value, but if allowed to stand upon the ground till thoroughly ripened, it is about as good as wood fibre, certainly not much better.

Buckwheat.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, makes the following suggestions on the cultivation of buckwheat:

Neglect too often attends the cultivation of the land intended for buckwheat, and the poorest and worst-conditioned land is usually given this crop. Besides, from the lateness of putting it in, the land becomes grassy, and it cannot be plowed well without the grass making its appearance to the detriment of the crop, with no benefit to the land. Now, instead of this treatment, the buckwheat field, worked after the spring's sowing, affords a chance to improve the land and insure a good crop—decidedly a paying one if the season is favorable. Buckwheat is somewhat peculiar, as with a favorable season and a heavy growth the income is somewhat surprising. I have known a single crop pay for the purchase of the land at $40 per acre. The land was plowed early enough to rot the sod, and re-plowed just before sowing.

If put in good condition, it does not need to be very rich. What it needs is ripe and uniform fertility; it does not want wet soil turned up and exposed to the hot sun, as I have often seen, thus injuring rather than benefitting the land. Instead, buckwheat should be made the means (as there is a chance for it) to reclaim or improve the soil. It can be made to equal, if not exceed, the effect of summer fallow, and with less expense—the crop so densely shading the ground, and from the start, that not a weed or a grass blade can survive; all is smothered by the exclusion of air and light, the ground kept comparatively moist and mellow, and the texture thus improved. The farmer who, therefore, does not avail himself of advantages here offered, misses his opportunity, unless he is among the fortunate ones who have their land all improved. Even then buckwheat is a benefit to the soil, as there is less expense of cultivation, and the weeds are effectually kept at bay. It also adds to the variety of crops.

The time for sowing buckwheat here is from the 26th of June to the 4th of July. Half a bushel per acre is seed enough, as on rich ground it stools out well. This is better than to have it closer and denser. It should be branching, giving thus more room for blossoms, and affording protection against the direct rays of the sun, the plant thus being in a measure self-protecting, favoring the lower or partially hidden seeds, which sometimes are to be depended upon for the crop, the more exposed or outside being blasted. Instead therefore of giving it careless treatment, buckwheat requires careful management. The selection of soil is also of some importance, a sandy loam being better than clay. A stiff clay must be brought into a friable condition before it is fit to grow this crop successfully. Sod or green crops turned under, or coarse manure worked in, rotting and mixing well soil and manure, will do it. Avoid all wet soil for buckwheat, unless first drained. We have here a real renovator of the soil, and get a good crop besides. Sometimes, however, the crops get blasted. When this is the case turn it down. Instead of being a misfortune, it will be found to be a benefit, affording a large quantity of good material, decaying readily, and having a good effect upon the soil.

The Manistee County Agricultural Society has so amended its constitution that the annual fair can be held at any time and place the executive committee may designate. Heretofore it required all fairs to be held at Bear Lake.

Dry Cows.

It is a common practice among some dairymen to give their cows, while dry, but scanty living. When a cow ceases to give milk, or is dried up, any feed is considered good enough for her. I think this is a great mistake; and the result is a diminished product of milk, both in quantity and quality, when she does come in. There is a large draught on the system to sustain the calf while the cow is carrying it, and to keep the cow in good condition good feed is as important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that a dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth one dollar and a half's worth after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as an animal in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in, she will not digest enogh food to support the system, and at the same time to make a large quantity of milk. The practice of turning cows out on poor feed while dry, expecting to make up when they come in, by good feed, is a very uneconomical one, and will not be allowed by good and careful dairymen. The way I treat my cows when they get a calf is as follows: In the summer time I keep them in the stable for two days, feed good hay, give one quart wheat bran morning, noon and night. I also give them a bucketful of lukewarm water with a pint of rye flour in it, morning and evening. In the winter time I keep them three days in the stable, and with such treatment I never had a sick cow. My father kept cows forty-five years, and he always gave them rye flour in the water; he never lost a single cow, and he owned as high as thirty different cows in one year.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

Strange Bees.

Mr. E. E. Hasty, in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, thinks that bees frequently get into hives where they do not belong. This he says may result from hives being too close together, or there not being sufficient landmarks about the hive to assist the bees in recognizing their own hive when they come in hurredly, which is especially the case in good honey weather. No harm will result from this as long as all hands are busy, but when forage becomes scarce and robbers appear, a spirit of discontent is apt to possess the colonies, and antagonism sometimes springs up between the bees belonging in the hives and the strangers. In this case the queen is apt to suffer, and perhaps be killed.

Mr. Hasty thinks it doubtful if ever an alien bee is loyal to the queen; his deduction is that it is necessary to take precautions against bees entering hives where they do not belong.

Bee Keeping Abroad.

A correspondent of the *Bee-keepers, Magazine*, who has been on a tour through Holland and Denmark, gives a poor report of the bee-keeping industry in those countries. In Holland he found "but two persons who kept bees," and they used the old straw hives, and obtained their honey for family use by means of the "brimstone pit." He found no honey for sale in Holland. In Denmark he found only a few stock of bees kept, and those in old straw hives. It was with difficulty that he found honey for sale at the stores, and when found it proved to be American strained honey; "but it had retained its flavor and was first quality." Why cannot the honey market in some of those countries be opened up and developed through the agency of American capital and energy?

Cabbage Worms.

In regard to the various methods suggested for destroying the cabbage worm, Professor Riley says that tew liquors will prove more effective than hot water judiciously applied, though one pound of whale oil soap dissolved in about six gallons of water, or even strong tea water, may be used to advantage. The application should be made several times during the year, as it will be more effectual when the worms are young. As preventive measures, the worms may be induced to transform under flat pieces of boards, laid upon any objects that will raise them about an inch from the surface of the ground. These boards should be examined every week, and the transforming larvæ or the chrysalids destroyed. The butterflies may also be captured by hand nets, and thus be prevented from laying their eggs.

Gleanings.

Mr. Charles L. Flint, so long the efficient secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has been chosen president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and entered upon his duties.

Mr. Lawes' experiments have proved that pigs store up or utilize 20 per cent. of the dry substance of their food, sheep 12 per cent. and cattle 8 per cent.

The Hon. Wm. Hamilton, of Flint has just sold five thoroughbred shorthorn bull calves. One of the fine animals sold was purchased by Messrs. Calkins & Beals, of Swartz Creek, and another by Mr. Eugene Witham.

Adrian Times: S. E. Stuart of Deerfield has ten acres of Clawson wheat which he thinks can hardly be beaten in the county. He brought to us a few stalks which show it to be very forward. This is well headed out and looks very finely.

Practical Farmer: To avoid sore shoulders on your horse, bathe them with strong salt water each night after removing the harness. By cutting a slit lengthwise of the collar where the hames fit, you may soften the collar where it galls the shoulder without injuring the collar. The best collar-pad is made by stuffing an old coat sleeve with hay, having as little hay as possible under the hames.

An American writing from Spain urges the shipment of labor saving implements there. Spanish farmers plow with the end of a piece of wood about five inches thick, as was done in the middle ages, sowing and reaping machines are unknown, and grain is not threshed. Oxen tread it out, and it is winnowed by women, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff.

Not long ago a distinguished pastor found it his painful duty to accept a call to take charge of a flock in a distant and wicked city, and he broke the news gently to his elders in an explanatory letter. Then the session of the bereaved church wrote a touching reply, and the letter began with these words: "Your valued favor of the inst. was duly received."